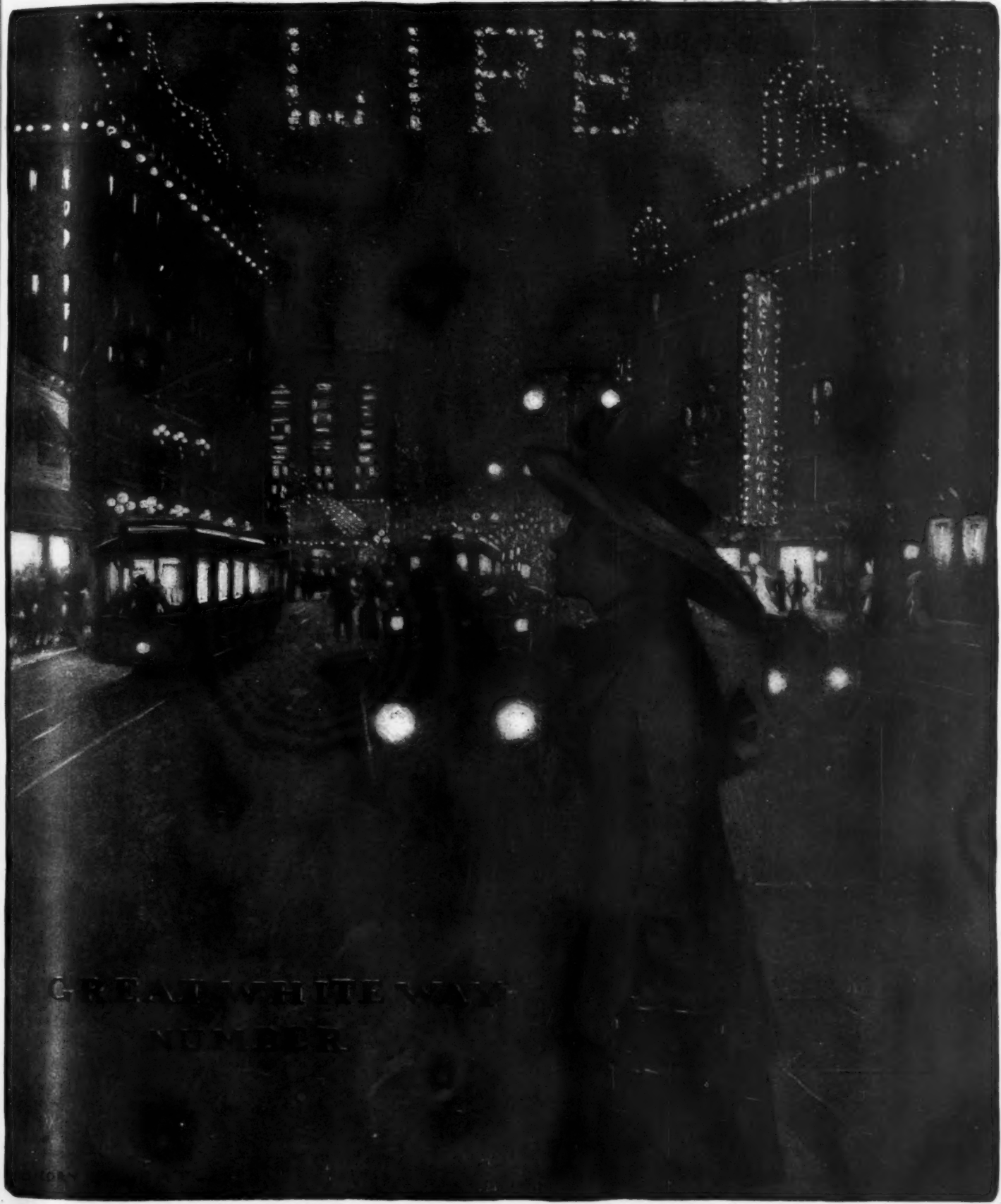


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*Wm. d. c.*  
PROPERTY OF THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB  
PRICE, 10 CENTS  
OCTOBER 21, 1909



GREAT WHITE WAY  
NUMBER 20

# Rubberset Construction Defies Destruction

Split a RUBBERSET Brush clear through the setting, and the bristles remain intact. The *inside structure* of the RUBBERSET Brush is so devised that no bristles can escape from the hard rubber grip.

The RUBBERSET process takes hold of each tiny hair and holds it with a grip that cannot be weakened by hot water, hard rubbing or long service—three tests that crumble and loosen the foundations of ordinary brushes, and which absolutely cannot affect

## RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

### Shaving Brushes

Price, 25c upwards to \$6.00

We strongly recommend our \$1.00 Badger Hair Brush. Badger hair is easily cleaned, feels good on the face, won't mat and dries off perfectly. The handle is made of *Albright Ivory*, the only known composition that looks good when you buy it, and will look the same after years of service—that won't crack, discolor, chip or spread.

Try **BERSET Shaving Cream**, a concentrated lather of glycerine and cocoanut oil. It benefits the shave and the face. A 25c. tube is good for 100 good shaves.

On sale at DRUGGISTS, HARDWARE and GENERAL STORES. If not at your dealer's, send for fully illustrated catalogue, and order direct.

**Rubberset Company, 50 Church St., New York**

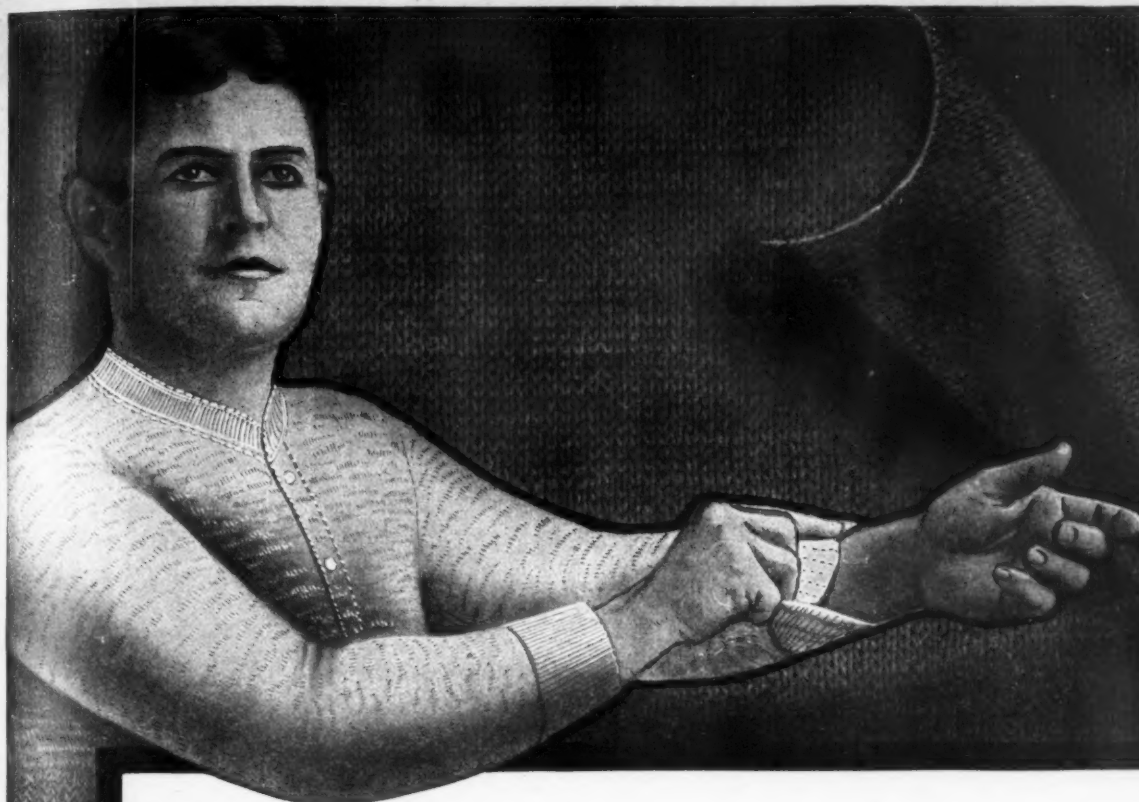
Factory and Laboratories, 56 Ferry Street, Newark, N. J.

Also makers of Rubberset Tooth Brushes—Berset Dental Cream and Brush Specialties.



The name  
**RUBBERSET**  
TRADE MARK  
is stamped upon  
each genuine brush

Each bristle  
gripped in hard,  
vulcanized rubber



The air-space between the fabrics  
is the secret of

Improved **Duofold** Health Underwear

You know that two light blankets are warmer than one heavy one—and less burdensome too.

So the two light Duofold fabrics are warmer than one solid fabric; yet they weigh less. The cotton, linen or silk, whichever you prefer inside, is delightful on the skin. The wool outside absorbs all moisture from the inner fabric. And the air space between is as warm as another fabric. Yet it weighs nothing.

**Scientific common-sense. Why not get the Benefit?**

Duofold is thoroughly shrunken and *sizes are guaranteed.*

If your dealer hasn't Duofold garments write us for booklet giving weights, shades and styles, and the name of a dealer who sells them. Single garments and union suits for men, women and children.

**\$1.25 to \$5 a garment**

**Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N. Y.**

**Robischon & Peckham Co., Selling Agents**

**349 Broadway, New York**

If it hasn't this label, it isn't Duofold.







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### **"THE USES OF IVORY SOAP ARE EXTRAORDINARILY VARIED."**

We have frequently made the statement that the uses of Ivory Soap are "extraordinarily varied."

Here is a letter that will give you an idea of just how varied they are.

It tells how one woman, in one day, used Ivory Soap for no less than eight different purposes. And it is worth noting that, for every one of these purposes, Ivory Soap is better adapted than any other soap.

Why? Because Ivory Soap is pure—that is why.

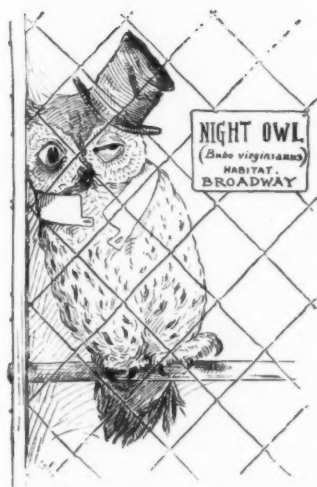
"At ten o'clock last night, as I launched my cake of Ivory Soap on the calm waters of the bath, I smiled, for the greater part of my working day had been spent in its company. On arising, I had washed with it. Then, when, after breakfast, I did up some doll clothes for my eldest child, Ivory Soap was used. The baby's bath came next. Ivory Soap was its chief ingredient. Afterwards his flannels were done up and the yellow figured curtains in the guest room.

"I washed some soiled hair ribbons, laid them flat and scrubbed them with a nail brush and Ivory Soap. After luncheon, I shampooed my hair, using Ivory Soap and a little ammonia to soften the water. Before I went to bed, that faithful white cake gave me the final touch of restful cleanliness that insured a restoring sleep."

**Ivory Soap . . . . . It Floats.**



# LIFE



## A Grafter

I STOLE a kiss, though fearing she  
Might press the charge of larceny—  
Then watched her mantling cheek until  
I judged 'twas not against her will;  
And as she glanced a-down the street  
Quite quickly filched another sweet;  
These thefts increased with haste thereafter,  
Till now I am a hardened grafter.

—Omar Hamel.

## In 1950

"SHE belongs to one of our best families."

"Did her ancestors come over in the Mayflower?"

"Oh, no. She's much more exclusive than that. She's a 'Daughter of Discoverers of the North Pole.'"



"THE MAGNETIC POLE"



"SHAY. CHOOFER, HOW MUCH DO I OWE YE?"

"SEVEN DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, SIR."

"WELL, SHAY, BACK UP 'TIL YE COME TO THIRTY CENTS. THAT'S ALL I GOT."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIV. OCTOBER 21, 1909 No. 1408

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.  
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



TO the "Discussion and Correspondence" department of *Science* Mr.

John J. Chapman has contributed an interesting discourse upon

"The Harvard Classics and Harvard."

In the aims and management of Harvard for the last thirty years Mr. Chapman finds evidence of "the atmospheric pressure of industrial ways of thinking upon an educational institution." No doubt the evidence is there. The pressure of industrial ways of thinking has been upon pretty much everything in this country and most other live countries during the last quarter century, and if there is any college that has escaped it Harvard is not the one. The idea of success in that institution has undeniably an industrial cast, just as it has pretty much everywhere outside of that institution. Harvard has not breathed the air of this land for the last thirty years without absorbing somewhat of what was in that air. There is a successful undergraduate paper at Harvard, to the staff of which students aspire to be admitted. We were lately told that no student was considered qualified to be chosen an editor of that paper until he had brought in a thousand dollars worth of advertisements. That helps one to understand Mr. Chapman's phrase about "industrial ways of thinking." The industrial conception of success is good, and growing business, solvency, a good plant in good repair that turns out profitable goods. We all respect more or less that conception of success, for the things it values are important and so are the men who can command them. Still, it is not what young per-

sons who have not been as yet to college call the "hull ting." It is all a means to a higher end, which is too apt to be lost out in the scramble of solicitude about the means.

Mr. Chapman says:

The men who control Harvard to-day are very little else than business men, running a large department store which dispenses education to the million. Their endeavor is to make it the largest establishment of the kind in America.

As to their endeavor we think Mr. Chapman is mistaken. They wish to contrive that it may continue to be what it has been for nearly three centuries, the leading university in America. If their aim were less than that they would be at fault. To realize that aim they feel it needful to make the usefulness of their university as wide as the continent, drawing students from afar as well as from nearby. Harvard can hardly continue much longer to be first in numbers, but that is of small consequence. But it may continue to be what Mr. Chapman thinks it ought to be—first in influence upon education. That is what the business men who run it endeavor to provide that it shall be. Their aims are right. The question then is whether their methods are wise.



ARE they running, as Mr. Chapman says, a large department store that dispenses education to the million? So it has sometimes seemed to us, and some times we have grumbled about it and about the department store methods that seemed to be used. But, after all, it is one great office of great universities to dispense education to the million. A prevalent complaint is that they don't dispense half enough, and one of the very newest grumblings is that they don't reach nearly enough people. It is not a valid reproach to any university that it dispenses education to the million, nor to its managers that they labor to make it do so. They labor wonderfully—those business managers of our universities. Few of them are paid at all and none of them are well paid, but they give steadily and lavishly of time and thought (as well as of money) to their charges, and find their recompense in their prosperity.

Mr. Chapman says the chief managers of Harvard, (the seven members of her corporation) are not scholars, except President Lowell. They are bankers, lawyers or doctors. If you wish to have a university, he says, you must have scholars and scientific men on the governing boards. No doubt there is truth in that, but we should like to know whether the scholars and scientific men of Harvard find themselves inadequately represented in the Harvard corporation. It makes for hope that Mr. Chapman rates President Lowell as a scholar, an estimation that he denies to President Eliot. When the University of Chicago was founded and started and during its earlier years there seemed to be but two men on its governing board, Dr. Harper, a scholar, who planned expenditures, and Mr. Rockefeller, a business man, who forked out. That was doubtless an excellent arrangement, but it is not often practicable, nor is it certain that Mr. Chapman would approve of it.



PRESIDENT LOWELL spoke in his inaugural address of "the comparatively small estimation in which high proficiency in college studies is held both by undergraduates and the public at large."

Industrial ways of thinking are very largely responsible for that. It is true, though, as President Lowell said in his address, that "progress means change, and every time of growth is a transitional era; but in a peculiar degree the present state of the American college bears the mark of a period of transition." If the man of business is the most conspicuous, and, apparently, important, figure in the world nowadays it is because in these times of vast material development his work is most important. If he also seems the most conspicuous figure in the colleges, it may also be because his work is indispensable there. It is conceivable that his work in the universities may presently approach completion, but until it does knees will shake at the thought of dispensing with his helpful abilities. In another generation the big men of the world may be scholars, and if they are, the big men of the colleges will be the same.



THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS  
THEN AND NOW

### Returning Confidence

THE re-establishment of Charles W. Morse in his old positions of trust is encouraging news in more ways than one.

It sets new ideals for the oncoming generation. Instead of beginning at the bottom, the place to begin is in jail. Before one can safely be trusted to manage great business enterprises one must

be convicted by a jury of one's peers of being able to override not only the ethical but the legal code. He that loseth his life for business' sake shall find it. A man must be proved competent to create panics before he can be appointed engineer on the prosperity railroad.

### Advertisement by Usurpation

GIMBEL BROTHERS, on Sixth Avenue near Thirty-third Street, in New York, are putting up a block-long building out of which they mean to sell something or other, and they have a big sign up to say that the site of their concern is Gimbel Square.

This amusing piece of assurance riles our neighbor, *Collier's Weekly*, and it intimates that the papers are slow to rebuke it because the Gimbels are advertisers of enormous liberality on whose toes no newspaper wants to tread. Greeley Square is the name of that locality, and *Collier's* wants it to remain so and doesn't want it to become "Gimbel Square" by usurpation.

We like *Collier's* spunk in this matter. The situation is rather

ludicrous. The Gimbels will probably advertise their "Gimbel Square," and the papers will put up with their impudence for the sake of their advertisements. The *Times* is housed on a site that it calls "Times Square" and the *Herald* on one that it calls "Herald Square," neither title being based, so far as we know, on anything but impudence.

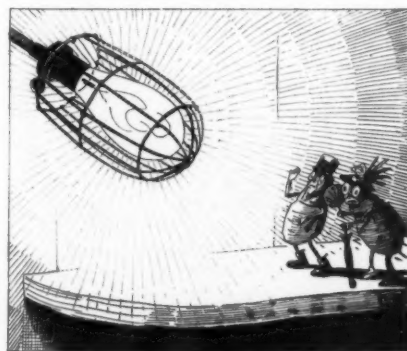
One can either laugh or swear over incidents like this, and it is more innocent to laugh and probably just as effectual.

### Ballinger, Too

PRESIDENT TAFT has examined Secretary Ballinger and pronounced him pure and good. And yet there are folks who can't seem to be satisfied about him and want the searchlight to be kept on him all the while.

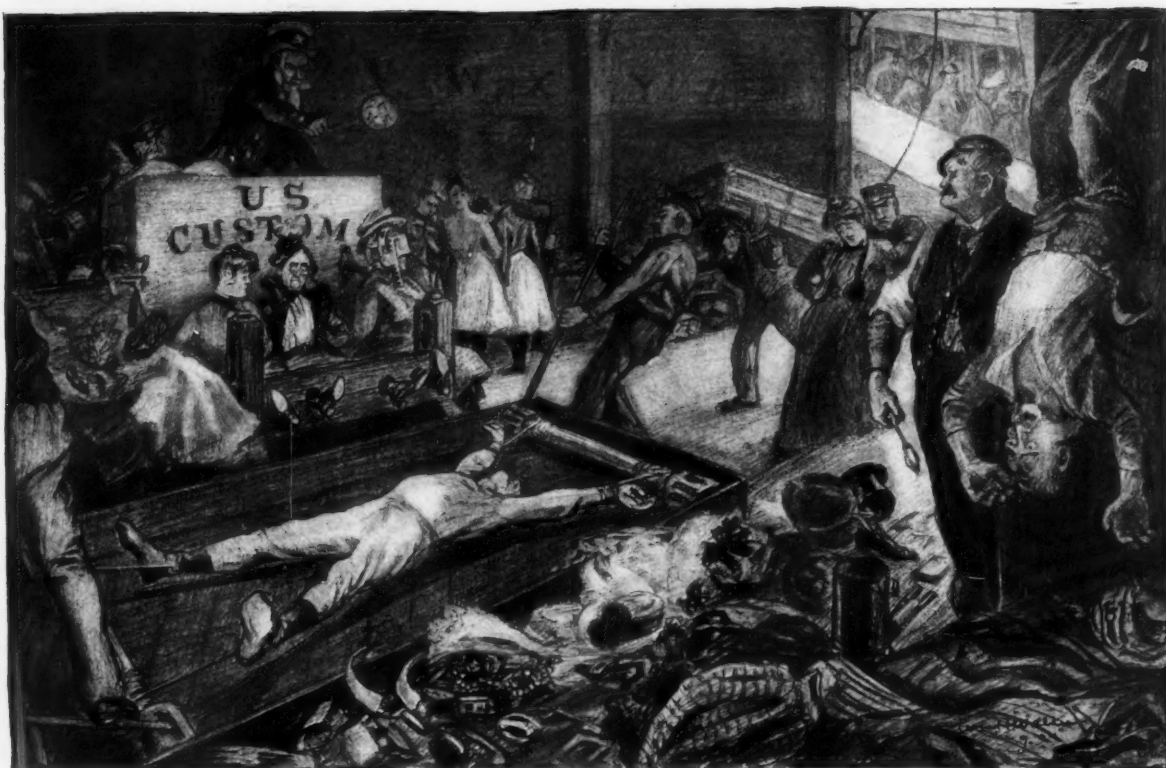
Keep it on him by all means, and meanwhile perhaps when Dr. Münsterberg has spied out the inwardness of Dr. Cook he will take a look into Mr. Ballinger.

THE business of business should be only incidental to the business of life.



Mrs. B: WHERE ARE WE NOW?  
Mr. B: THIS IS THE GREAT WHITE WAY





WELCOME HOME

THIS PICTURE FITS THE CASE TO-DAY EVEN BETTER THAN WHEN IT WAS FIRST PUBLISHED IN LIFE OF MAY 16, 1901

### To Mary Baker Eddy

**H**AIL! Thou ineffable, purest serenity!  
Thou the essential and basic sublime!  
In whom stupendous forensic infinity  
Sublimates vastness and concentrates time.

From the resultant translucent percepts  
Widely divergent conceptions were framed,  
Seemingly present with evident entity,  
By unenlightened erroneously named.

Shrouded in mystical vague corporeity,  
Each the effulgence of essence divine,  
Truly coterminous, psychic, portentous,  
Salient, creative, protective, benign.

We—the Enlightened—proclaim Thy proclivity,  
Feel Thy omnipotence serving our wills,  
Work to remove mental hallucinations,  
Banish the preachers, physicians and pills.

Gratitude, honor, affection and glory  
Ascribe Mrs. Eddy all ye who have brains,  
Whose saponaceous circumlocution  
Impregnable still Christian Science maintains.

Mac Kimm.



"THE ADDER'S STING"

### More Protection

**T**HE American Bankers' Association, in patriotic convention assembled, "condemn in unqualified terms the proposition for the establishment of postal savings banks or any other system by which government enters directly into banking relations with the people."

Of course. It would be fatal for the Government to get too near the people. Some strong, and, if possible, respectable, influence should intervene for that protection, one from the other, which both need.

That's why, also, there is no opposition among the bankers to a "strong central bank." That is to say, all money, both public and private, should first be turned over to the bankers. What they are then able to make out of it, either by investing in stocks or by lending it back to the Government or to the people, is none of our business. To try to find out would be unwarranted paternalism and an interference with individual liberty. To stop it would be confiscation.

Ellis O. Jones.

**I**T is necessary to tell a woman only the unimportant things. She will find out the rest for herself.



## Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

(No connection with any other establishment)

**A** SUBJECT has come up which seems to demand more attention from us than we thought necessary in the beginning, but now that it is here we might as well dispose of it once and for all. We refer to the soul-mate question.

We have long had a soul-mate department—under the charge of a thoroughly competent young man—but the thing has recently assumed such proportions that we have had to look into it a little ourselves. It has begun to get away from him, and we are therefore taking the matter in hand personally. Our regular customers need have no anxiety. Soul mates may come and soul mates may go, but we stay on forever. We are here to make you all happy, and while in some instances it takes more time than was expected in the beginning, there is no case so hopeless that something can't be done about it in this office. Open your hearts freely. Every confidence is respected.

Now in regard to soul mates, our policy all along has been to ignore them officially, while quietly instructing our customers what to do. We haven't even advertised our special soul-mate course, believing that it would be for the best interests of our customers not to give the matter too much prominence. But the time must come when we must let everybody know just where we stand. Here's a letter just received:

Dear Bureau:

I have been, as you know, one of your customers for a long time, and cannot say enough in hearty praise of what you have done for me. I attended your summer camp, have visited your Paris branch—where I had a grand time—and I am more or less a familiar figure to some of the charming young ladies in your office. On my return home I find that my wife has a soul mate. I have no objection to him personally, except that, while he claims to be an idealist, he is a very hearty eater, and I find our household expenses have been largely increased since he came. Besides, he is about my size, and yesterday I found him wearing one of my cravats. What would you advise?

Yours, B—G—

Also as follows:

Dear Sirs:

Pardon the liberty I take in addressing

you, but, as you know, my husband has been one of your regular customers for some time, and I should like to know whether you approve of soul mates. While at first, when I discovered that he was taking a course of treatment with you, I was inclined to resent it, I came afterward to entertain considerable respect for you, as he came, under your guidance, to teach me certain of my defects without hurting my pride; but recently he has a soul mate, and I write to ask you how you stand in the matter. If you approve of his action you could, of course, have no objection to my seeking one on my own account. But I hesitate to do this, as you have always been square with me and I wish to be the same with you. Yours truly,  
ADELAIDE H—

We may say, in passing, that nothing could better illustrate the wonderful effects of our great system than the case of this lady. When her husband first applied to us she was—to use the current slang of the day—a “terror.” But we have never found any one who didn't have some good in them, and we brought her around and made her respect us. This is one of our strong points.

But we want to make ourselves plain to these correspondents and to all of our friends and customers who either have soul mates on hand at present or who are taking them on. We have no prejudices, and we are obliged to look at everything in a broad and liberal way. We therefore lay it down as a principle that any overt attempt to oppress or limit the activities of soul mates should be carefully considered first. The moment you give them too much importance they will begin to increase. At the same time, while admitting all this, we are bound to say they should be placed under certain restrictions. The whole affair is one of considerable delicacy, and we advise all of our customers, prospective or otherwise, whose wives have developed soul-mate tendencies, to place themselves under our advice at once. Don't delay. If we are promptly notified in the beginning, we may often quietly affect a complete cure. The point that we wish to emphasize is that the moment you encourage a soul mate to believe he is important and necessary you make it harder to keep him down. We have no particular

regard for soul mates ourselves. We wouldn't give one house-room if we could avoid it. At the same time, it doesn't do to flatter them into prominence. Our special pamphlet on the care and treatment of soul mates will be mailed free to our regular trade, and to outsiders who will also agree to take a preliminary course. We ask no money in advance. We don't need to. If we cannot convince you of our ability we don't want your money. In the meantime here are a few rules which we are distributing free:

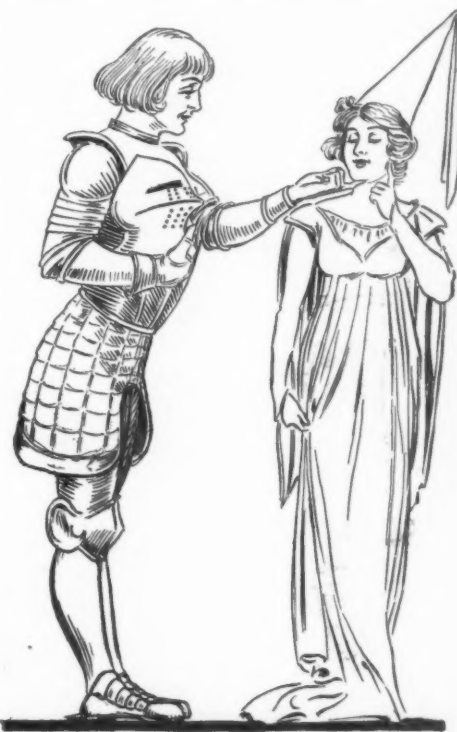
### SOUL MATES

The moment you have the slightest idea that there is one hovering around wire us at once. Don't delay. Moments are precious.

In case you are in the secondary soul-mate stage, and he is an established fact, don't let him disturb you. But lock up your cigars and buffet and limit him to one meal a week while you are awaiting our advice.

Talk to your wife freely about him. Suggest to her that you have believed in it all along but thought it best not to mention the matter.

Insist on having his photograph



Real Goods.

“IT WAS A FRESH AND LOVELY (K)NIGHT”



"FEAR NOT, LADY; I WILL SAVE YOUR CHEE-ILD!"

put up in a conspicuous place. Publicity is what you want. Send for our new edition of our *Galaxy of Beauties*. Payment for this is in advance.

Of course these directions are general. We can't give away our business by specific rules, but a week's trial will convince the most skeptical. Here's a letter just received, being only a sample of those constantly pouring into this office:

Dear Bureau:

Two weeks ago I began your special soul-mate treatment. My wife began having an affinity nearly a month ago, but I was so busy taking account of stock in my office that I didn't realize it. I notified you at once, as you know. Yesterday we all shook hands and parted pleasantly. My wife has gone to visit her mother and I am coming on to get into immediate touch with your entertainment bureau. I need relaxation. I followed your instructions to the letter, and I cannot tell you how much pleased I am. I recommend your treatment to every husband who is suffering from what I term soul-mateitis.

Yours gratefully,

H— W—

P. S.—I also won fifty dollars from him playing poker.

Remember we are the only organization in this country that can make your soul mate fade away inside of three weeks by notifying us promptly. Wire, telephone or cable. Do it now.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

### Not Within His Rights

"CAN I have two good seats, well down, not behind a post, and on the aisle?" asked the quiet gentleman at the box-office window.

"Three dollars apiece," replies the ticket-seller, slamming out two tickets that call for seats in the last row, behind a post, and in the middle of the row at that.

"But these aren't what I want," objects the man.

"Can't help that. Got to take 'em or nothin'," responds the ticket-seller obviously irritated.

"Look here, young man, that's no way to talk to people who come here to buy seats."

"Huh! You talk as if you owned the theatre."

"I do. I happen to be the new owner."

"Then git away and let people that want to buy seats have a chance. You know very well you can get in for nothing."

### Did They Lay?

THE man-birds who lately visited New York were here ten days and flew (between them) thirty-three minutes.

Of course they roosted part of the time, but they had far more leisure than enough for that.

Has it occurred to anybody to find their nest and search it for eggs?



"THEY'VE FOUND THE NORTH POLE."

"I KNEW WHERE IT WAS ALL THE WHILE."

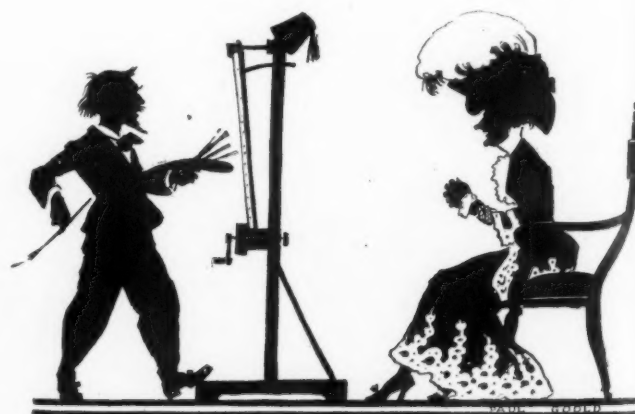
### Good Work in a New Line

WE certainly are smart people in this country, and we do well a good many things that we undertake, even when they are novelties.

For example: Since civilization first intruded here we have, until very lately, done hardly anything at all in the line of emigration. But three or four years ago some of our people began slipping over the northwestern line into Canada. And last year we passed over to that country 59,832 citizens who took with them SIXTY MILLION DOLLARS!

Can any country, however experienced in emigration, do better, as to quality than that?

Whenever we settle down seriously to emigration competitors are going to know it.



The Sitter: HAVE YOU CAUGHT THE LIKENESS, MR. CHROME?  
The Painter: UM—YES—THAT'S THE TROUBLE.



## Comparative College Boys

ARE We Spoiling Our Boys Who Have the Best Chances in Life? inquires Professor Paul Van Dyke in the October *Scribner's*, and points out that the college boys on whom the most money is spent make, as a group, the poorest showing in scholarship. It is well known that in our big eastern colleges the boys from the high schools beat the boys from the expensive private preparatory schools in scholarship. Professor Van Dyke tells about that, and tells of a little investigation of his own. In five senior classes at Yale, Harvard and Princeton there were 166 young men whose names were in the New York Social Register. One in four of them got some sort of honorable mention at graduation, as against a general average for all the men in their classes of one in two.

Are likely boys like these being spoiled for life because they are not made to work?

Some of them are, of course. Some of them do more work than appears in their scholastic record. These chaps, as a rule, do not value the distinctions of

scholarship and do not try for them. The distinctions they do try for are social and athletic. For these many of them try hard. The question is whether these distinctions are worth anything, and that is a question not to be answered off hand.

One would like to know what the 166

Social Register youths were doing twenty-five years after they left college, and how their value as trained citizens compared then with the average of their college contemporaries.

## A Nice Question

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Christian Science Monitor*, published in Boston, is running a column of verse and jokes daily.

Without prejudice one way or another we are moved to these reflections:

Are the jokes jokes and is the verse verse? Or are we to think they are jokes and think it is verse?

There being no material things, then there can be no such thing as a joke or a verse in the concrete.

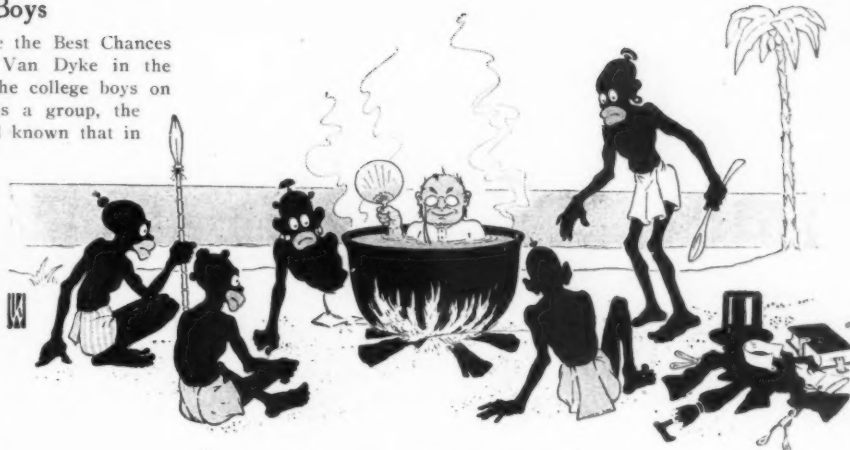
Yet, if we merely think they are jokes or it is verse, then are they or is it?

If they are and it is, how can they exist?

If we simply think they are and it is—But the question becomes involved.

Is the column of verse and humor reading matter? Or is reading matter a manifestation of mind?

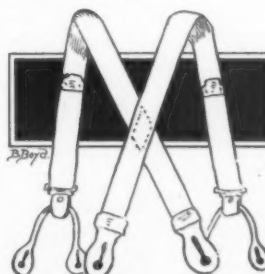
Are we to think that if we think it is, it is, or that if we think it is what we think it is, then it isn't?



"A WATCHED POT NEVER BOILS"



Portrait of Her Late Husband: TAKE MY ADVICE AND DON'T.



WILLING TO SUPPORT EITHER COOK OR PEARY

## The Man of the Great White Way

(Long After Barry Cornwall)



HE Great White Way!

The Great White Way!  
The bright, the swift, the  
ever gay!Without a wall, without a  
bound,It runneth a mile of light and  
sound.It plays with the fools, it mocks the wise,  
And like a lavish creature buys.I'm on the Way! I'm on the Way!  
I am where I could ever play,  
With the stars above and the stars below  
And Pleasure wheresoe'er I go.  
If a storm should come up unaware,  
What matter? I'd drop in anywhere.I love, oh, how I love to glide  
With the swift and rushing human tide;  
Where every man is as good as the rest,  
Who lives with fervor and spends with  
zest,And tells his fellows, with hearty glee,  
"New York is good enough for me!"I never was at the dull sea-shore,  
But I love the old town more and more;  
And backward flew to its busy drive,  
Like a homing bee to its swarming hive.  
(And a hive it was, and is, I say,  
For I was stung on the Great White  
Way!)I've lived in Manhattan's whirl and strife  
Full fifty winters—a lively life—  
With wealth to spend on its fun and fraud,  
And I never have cared to go abroad.  
And Death, whenever he comes to stay,  
Shall come for me on the Great White  
Way. Oscar Llewellyn.

## Dangerous Doctrine

THE announcement comes from Paris  
that M. Santos-Dumont is making no  
effort to protect the patents on his aero-  
planes; that his patents and models are  
"held at the disposition of all comers,  
with the sole purpose of advancing and  
popularizing the art of flying."It is to be sincerely hoped that this  
spirit of altruism, approaching the most  
dangerous limits of socialism, will not  
get a foothold here. Our country is built  
upon the enduring principle of grabbing  
everything in sight and holding to it with  
bulldog tenacity. To give anything  
away simply for the love of humanity  
and progress amounts almost to pusil-  
lanimity.WHERE ignorance of one's own  
homeliness is bliss, 'tis folly to  
be beautiful.

## Life's Literary Trust

SOME of our alleged competitors,  
chagrined, no doubt, because  
we considered them too insignificant  
to absorb, have spread the report  
that our trust was merely a stock-  
jobbing scheme and that we are not  
going to do any publishing at all.We have already put detectives  
on the trail of these competitors,  
with full power to act. As addi-  
tional refutation, but in no sense an  
apology, we offer the following list  
of books which are now ready:*Complete Works, Expurgated*, by  
Hamilton Wright Mabie. This is  
handsomely bound in crushed straw-  
berry foulard with a dainty bow of  
the same shade on each volume.*Posthumous Works of Rudyard  
Kipling* (two volumes). Very rare.*Shakespeare Revised*, by Bernard  
Shaw. Well done.*Dooley in English*. This transla-  
tion has been accomplished under  
our direct supervision to meet a popu-  
lar demand.*Frenzied Finance, Revised Ver-  
sion*, by Chancellor Day. This work  
contains a full and complete apology  
for every crime known to modern  
finance.*Divine Financial Afflatus*, by  
George F. Baer. This is a compan-  
ion work to the above. It is expected  
that the two together will occupy the  
center table in many homes where the  
Bible is considered out of date.*Explorer Bug: THEY CAN CALL COOK A  
FAKER AND FEARY A FOURFLUSHER, BUT THAT  
BUNCH OF DOUBTERS WON'T HAVE ANYTHING  
ON ME. I'M GOING TO TAKE MY PROOF HOME  
WITH ME.*"IF M'WIFE'S AWAKE I'LL SHAY: 'M'DEAR,  
BROUGHT Y' SOME C'SATH'MUMS—CHRYSTHUMS—  
CHRASYTHUMS—HANG IT! WISH I'D GOT ROSES."*How I Discovered the North Pole*, by  
James Gordon Bennett.*Love Among the Artists*, by Ferdinand  
Pinney Earle. This is especially recom-  
mended to gilded youths and chorus  
girls.*Why I Am a Suffraget*, by Mrs. O. H.  
P. Belmont. This is recommended to  
philosophers who are searching for the  
summum bonum.*Doctors I Have Met*, by Mrs. Mary  
Baker Glover Eddy. No error of mortal  
mind ever made the hit that this book  
has. Buy it and know the truth.*The Girl in Lower Five*, by a former  
contortionist, now a traveling book agent.  
This is a delightful tale of how the au-  
thor got into her sheath gown in  
a sleeping car without the aid of pro-  
fanity.Other books are rapidly being pre-  
pared.In reply to numerous requests for our  
*de luxe* edition of *President Roosevelt's  
Messages*, in four hundred volumes, we  
wish to announce that only two sets were  
printed. These were quickly snapped up  
by Senator Lodge and Loeb.All those persons who have not yet  
sent us money for stock are expected to  
do so at once.



THE PERILS OF VIVISECTION

A DOCTOR WHO FORGOT THAT THE CAT HAS NINE LIVES

Great White Way

(Mr. Kipling, please pardon!)

**B**Y the old mosque-like Casino, lookin',  
longin' for a spree,  
There's a chorus girl a-strollin', an' I  
know she thinks o' me;  
For there's bubble-fizz at Rector's, an'  
the cable gongs they say:  
"Come you back, you Choc'late Soldier,  
come you back to th' Great White  
Way!"

Come you back to th' Great White Way,  
Where the whole flotilla play;  
Can't you 'ear their glasses clinkin' clear  
from Burns' to th' Great White  
Way?

On the crowded Great White Way,  
Where the angels always pay,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder  
'fore you know it—so they say!

'Er petticoat was yaller, and 'er cart-  
wheel 'at was green,  
An' 'er name was Alexandra—jes' the  
same as Britain's Queen;

An' I seed 'er first a-smokin' of a five-  
cent cigarette,

An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an  
'eathen suffragette.

Bloomin' suffragette—a freak  
What they called the "Arab Sheik";  
Plucky lot she cared for idlers, when I  
kissed 'er on the cheek!

On the loaded Great White Way, etc.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ship me somewheres north of Murray's,  
where the best is like the worst,

Where there aren't no Ten Command-  
ments, an' a man can raise a thirst;  
For the cable gongs are callin', an' it's  
there that I would be—

By the old mosque-like Casino, jes' be-  
ginnin' of a spree—

On the crowded Great White Way, etc.  
A. F. Andrews.

**CONCEITED BRIDGE PLAYER:**  
Come here and sit by me, Kittie.  
You can learn a good deal by watching  
my game.

**KITTIE QUICKTONGUE:** No, thanks. I  
never could profit by other people's mis-  
takes.

**I**T is absolutely impossible to say what  
we think. The best we can do is to  
think what we say.





### One Winner in Four Tries



LIFE as curious as the fact that the Theatrical Trust should permit the public to see "The Fourth Estate" at all is the reception given to the play by the New York daily newspapers. It is distinctly a newspaper play. Its principal author is Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, who has had newspaper experience of his own, and who comes of a Chicago newspaper family.

The daily newspapers of New York admit that it is strongly dramatic and that it holds the interest and stirs the emotions of those who see it. With equal unanimity they state that it reproduces the atmosphere of a newspaper office with absolute fidelity and that its great scene, representing the composing room at the time when the paper is going to press, is an impressive stage accomplishment. They also unite in the discovery that at points the piece is crude and amateurish in construction, certain scenes being unnecessarily talky and others rather improbable. Credit is given to the actors in varying degrees, the consensus being, however, that Mr. Charles Waldron gave an admirable performance of the young editor who killed himself rather than lead a life of shame as a newspaper prostitute; that Mr. Charles A. Stevenson brought to the part of Judge Bartelmy a delightful dignity and exquisite diction; that Mr. Thomas Findlay gave us a new and agreeable type of millionaire; that Alice Fischer's personality was admirably adapted to portraying his parvenue wife with social ambitions; that Pauline Frederick based her conception of a United States Judge's daughter on the Queen of Sheba, Cleopatra, or some other Oriental voluptuous person, and that a number of the minor characters were impersonated with unusual skill and fidelity. This consensus agrees with LIFE's conclusions on these various points.



But when the dailies come to the main motive of the play, which is the vivid portrayal of how newspapers are swerved from the honesty they owe the public by the greediness of their owners for advertising money, or by some other discreditable influence, there is a curious shuffling and running to the cover of indefinite statement. Some pooh-pooh it as exaggeration, others scold Mr. Patterson for befouling his own nest, while others treat it with contempt as another exhibition of muck-raking, all of which was naturally to be expected when one considers how the shadow of the truth portrayed in "The Fourth Estate" hangs over the editorial profession and the newspaper business in New York.

The public, judging from the first week's patronage of the piece at Wallack's, is getting knowledge of the play and its message at first hand. With fresh recollection of the treatment accorded Mr. William Winter and Mr. Walter P. Eaton by the newspapers which employed them, the public is likely

to see in the stage story of *Wheeler Brand* a pretty close parallel. The influence exerted over newspapers by the advertising of the Theatrical Trust and by that of the great dry-goods concerns, department stores, railroad corporations, financial institutions and insurance companies is growing to be a matter of general knowledge. Therefore, the public will have its own opinion of the credibility and the seriousness of the motive Mr. Patterson has chosen and will decide for itself on his treatment of it.

Leaving aside the teachings of "The Fourth Estate," and considering it simply as entertainment, it is mighty well worth paying to see and sitting through. Except in a few scenes it holds the interest closely. Its situations are really thrilling. To paraphrase one line from the play—more descriptive than elegant—"The Fourth Estate" has both "heart" and "guts." (Why are we so afraid of our own Anglo-Saxon words?)

**D**ESPITE all the pains that has been taken to make this play faithful in its settings and atmosphere, even to the use of tremendously heavy printing machinery and other mechanical accessories of a newspaper, one thing appeared to be a bit of dramatic license. The office is presumably a "union" one, as practically all metropolitan offices are. And yet the managing editor sits down at a typesetting machine, casts four or five lines of type, and with his own hands puts it in the form. In practically every newspaper office this would have been the sign for every compositor to quit work. This is a small matter and the *Advance* might have been a different kind of newspaper, but it stood out by force of contrast with the fidelity of everything else.

When this reaches LIFE's readers three plays now under observation will have gone to the scrap-heap. The principal



"MY ESKIMOS," REMARKED DR. CUISINE, "ATE CANDLES WITH DELIGHT."

"PREVARICATOR!" HISSED THE IRATE COMMANDER, "THEY ALWAYS BLOW THEM OUT FIRST."



A DASH FOR THE POLE

reason for mentioning them at all is as examples of what not to do. One of them is (or was) "A Citizen's Home," telling a story, not incredible and not of itself uninteresting, of how Tammany politics and the Tammany machine may be enlisted for the most petty and at the same time tyrannical purposes. The object in this case was the invasion of a humble home to secure for a Tammany heeler possession of a young girl. The trouble with the play was that in its desire to portray faithfully the humble home and its virtues it devoted too little space to the real drama and therefore tired its audiences.

**N**OT for uptown New York the nihilistic, anarchistic or revolutionary Russian tragedy. If uptown New York wants gloom of any kind—it must be served with very up-to-date and very local surroundings. Russian gloom and revolutionary fervor may touch a chord in the lower East Side, but it doesn't strike a note in the neighborhood of the Tenderloin. But "On the Eve" wasn't even well done as an English version of its German original, and it was badly acted. It introduced a striking and attractive young German actress who has learned English in an incredibly short time, but who in this instance has not found a role which enables her to show qualities that greatly please.

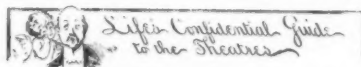


Number three among the unfortunates, the plays that fell, was "The Master Key" at the Bijou. Its principal trouble

was that it had an old theme—labor troubles—and treated them in a way which supposed that the audiences of today like stilted talk, old situations and maudlin sentiment. Some good people wasted their time and ability in bad parts.

It's very, very bad to see these awful examples going on the stage when in the managers' offices, unread, may be plays which really deserve a chance before the public.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—Mr. Louis Mann in "The Man Who Stood Still." Amusing character studies of East Side life.

Astor—"The Man from Home." Amusing comedy waving the American flag in the face of effete Europe.

Belasco—"Is Matrimony a Failure?" Suburban society divertingly put under the spotlight of ridicule.

Bijou—"The Debtors," with Mr. Digby Bell. Based on "Little Dorrit."

Broadway—"The Midnight Sons." Musical farce with tunes and many laughs.

Casino—"The Girl and the Wizard." Typical Casino musical play, with Mr. Sam Bernard as the comedian. Above the average.

Comedy—"The Melting Pot." The Zangwill play which introduces the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt as a dramatic critic. Drama dealing with Jewish race question.

Criterion—"The Noble Spaniard." Comedy of the Victorian era, with humor of the same period.



Visitors From the Country: THIS MUST BE THE GREAT WHITE WAY WE HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT.

Daly's—"The White Sister." Miss Viola Allen in a congenial role in a fairly interesting play.

Empire—"Inconstant George." Amusing farcical comedy from the French, with Mr. John Drew as the star.

Garrick—"The Harvest Moon," by Mr. Augustus Thomas. Notice later.

Hackett—"Such a Little Queen." Romantic comedy agreeably played by excellent company headed by Elsie Ferguson.

Herald Square—"The Rose of Algeria." Good music by Mr. Victor Herbert and laughable libretto by Mr. Glen MacDonough. Well done.

Hippodrome.—Spectacle, ballet and circus in the highest degree of bigness and brilliancy.

Hudson—"On the Eve." See above.

Lyceum—"Arsène Lupin." Interesting and well acted detective drama from the French.

Lyric—"The Chocolate Soldier." Oscar Strauss's delightful music, with book based on Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man."

Majestic—"A Citizen's Home," by H. H. Boyd. See above.

Manhattan Opera House.—Preliminary educational season of grand opera.

Marine Elliott's—"The Passing of the Third Floor Back," with Mr. Forbes-Robertson. Interesting modern mystic play most delightfully acted.

Savoy—"The Awakening of Helena Richie." Miss Margaret Anglin at her very best in emotional drama.

Stuyvesant—"The Easiest Way." Life as it is lived in the Tenderloin faithfully depicted.

Wallack's—"The Fourth Estate." See above.

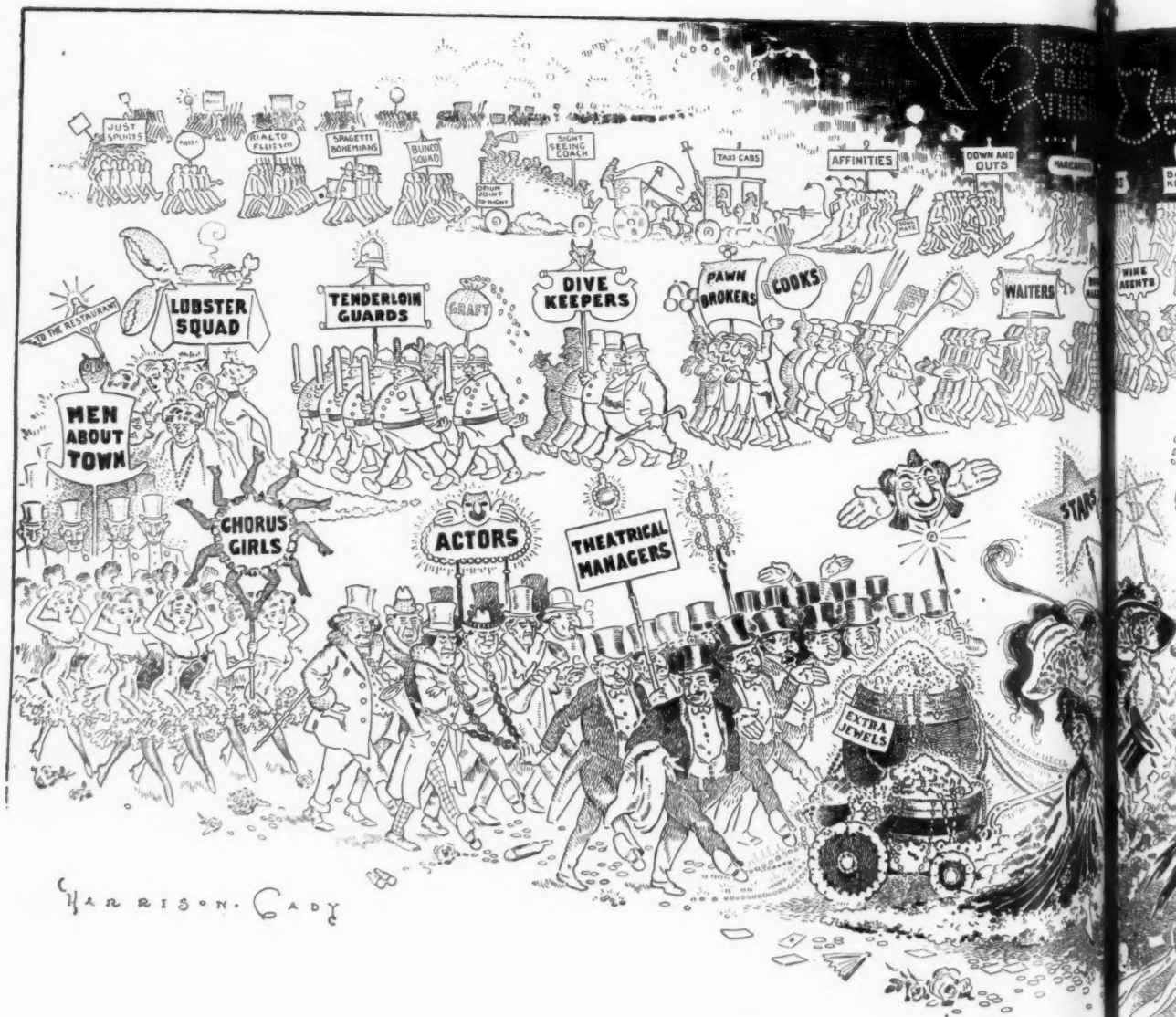
Weber's—"The Climax." Pleasant and pathetic little comedy-drama with musical features.

### The Vivandière

**S**HE was a gay vivandière  
In purple petticoat,  
A laugh forever on her lip,  
A ballad in her throat.  
And over many a dusty road  
By windy wood and wold,  
In sun and rain she followed still  
A soldier's plume of gold.

On some forgotten battlefield  
Her youthful bones are dust;  
The army sleeps, a silent host,  
Its sabers turned to rust.  
But still across the autumn hills  
And meadows sere, behold!  
Her spirit follows, as of yore,  
The soldier's plume of gold.

Minna Irving.



The Gay White W  
THE NIGHTMARE SESSION





Gay te Way

THE NIGHTMARE SESSION

## BOOKS

WE all remember the farmer's comment on a great Academician's painting of a farmyard scene over which the critics were enthusiastic. "Huh!" he is reported to have said, "I never saw six hogs feeding out of one trough without at least three of them having their feet in it." Now, whatever literary criticism may find to say about William Allen White's somewhat voluminous novel, *A Certain Rich Man*, it cannot justly be alleged that in a hundred telling and relevant matters the author has not brought his narrative into intimate touch with life. His pigs have their feet in the trough. For the rest Mr. White makes little effort to hide the existence of a purpose underlying his fiction—the purpose, namely, of placing before us, as an unbroken and sufficiently logical development, the history of public opinion on the subject of the getting of wealth. And when we have finished the story and laid aside the book it is for the measure of success with which, by indirect approach, it carries out this aim that we remember it.

WILLIAM WINTER'S volume of reminiscences—literary recollections of other days, he names them—called *Old Friends*, is a work of considerable potential interest, but one which is unlikely to compel in its readers the mood required for its appreciation. Mr. Winter is writing of the long ago, from



A WINE LIST

the viewpoint of long ago, in the spirit of long ago. We read him—or our natural impulse is to read him—from the viewpoint of to-day and in to-day's spirit. And, doing so, we find ourselves at loggerheads with him in a score of matters—bewildered by glowing judgments of forgotten men of letters, and vexed at meeting, in full vigor, animosities long dead and buried. It is only by realizing, and remembering, that here, in effect, is no present comment on past events, but the past viewing itself through its own eyes, that we are enabled to catch and relish the bitter-almond flavor of the book.

"*HAREMLIK*, by Demetra Vaka," is not, to the uninitiated, an enlightening title. Nevertheless the book is one of the interesting special products of the season; and when one comes to know that the author, now Mrs. Kenneth Brown, was born in Constantinople, of Greek parents, and that this volume tells of her recent stay with various Turkish friends of her early acquaintance, the source of the interest is clear. The book is a ladder from the rungs of which we peek over the brick wall into a neighbor's garden—a garden from which have emanated strange noises and as to the goings on in which we have had our own opinion. It enables us to see the garden only when the sun is shining and the paths have been freshly raked; but if it did no more than convince us that the noises are human and that they grow much the same kinds of plants in both enclosures the glimpse would be worth getting. The author, however, has also made the adventure enjoyable.

MR. WILL IRWIN—here's to him!—has done us a graceful service in his *Confessions of a Con Man*. We are, for the most part, interested but diffident observers of life. We would like, if we knew how, to talk shop with many of those whom we meet by the way. But we don't know how, or we lack the courage. And here Mr. Irwin, appreciating our position, steps obligingly forward, buttonholes a somewhat redoubtable personage—a circus-following, three-card-monte, gold-brick gentleman—laughs his way into his confidence, induces him to self-expression, and allows us, without in any way compromising our dignity, to listen to the conversation. There are suspicious people who might imagine that the book

itself was a con game. But Mr. Irwin assures us that it is on the level

J. B. Kerfoot.

*A Certain Rich Man*, by William Allen White. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

*Old Friends*, by William Winter. Moffat, Yard & Company. \$3.00

*Haremluk*, by Demetra Vaka. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

*The Confessions of a Con Man*, as told to Will Irwin. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.00.

## Popular Birthdays

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Born October 25, 1853

Step up and receive our blessing on the completion of your fifty-sixth year. Of the earth's great transportation geniuses you are the only one we know of who has of late invented a new phrase, namely:

"The public be pleased."

This alone is enough to place you first among the benefactors of the human race.

And the public *are* pleased. The best of it is that you are shaming some of the other railroad men into admitting that it pays to please the public.

Not only this, but you have saved two supposedly lost municipal souls. You have actually united Hoboken and Jersey City to the Tenderloin.

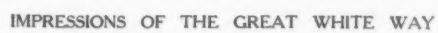
It's a great thing for all of us that you are alive. Without you many of us would still be on top of the earth. Can we say more?

You have the eternal freedom of our hearts. We know now that an honest railroad man is the noblest work of God. Henry Hudson made the Hudson River a possibility. But you alone understand it.

May you live forever!



"THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW FOR THEE, LOVE."







### Small, But Potent

What simplifies vacation trip,  
Speeds trunk and suit case, rug and grip,  
From traveling all cares can strip?

What means choice morsels, browned and spiced,  
All beverages nicely iced,  
Or melons generously sliced?

What keeps one's coat so neatly brushed,  
One's hat from being banged or crushed,  
Means mails most prompt, and message rushed?

What conquers surliness, wins smiles,  
Sheds sunshine by its potent wiles,  
Keeps things serene for miles and miles?

What, given oft grudgingly by man,  
By woman never—if she can—  
Is bribe polite for white, black, tan?

A tip!  
—New York Times.

### His Fruit Diet

DOCTOR: You should always take a little fruit  
in the morning.

GUZZLER: I do. I am old-fashioned enough to  
insist upon a cherry in my cocktail.—*Philadelphia Record*.



WAIT

SINCE WE MOVED IN HERE, TWO DAYS AGO, IT'S  
BEEN A PUZZLE TO ME HOW THAT WATER GOT INTO  
THE BARREL!

### "Going—Going—"

The auctioneer had auctioneered for the last  
time, for he was very ill and lay now almost at  
death's door.

Beside his bed stood the doctor and the  
auctioneer's wife, anxiously watching each sym-  
ptom, each movement, each respiration.

"Doctor," hoarsely whispered the hammer-  
wielder's wife, "what is his pulse now?"

The doctor raised the patient's wrist.

"His pulse," he answered, "is now going at  
104."

The auctioneer sat up excitedly in bed.

"Going at 104!" he cried feebly. "Going at  
104! Who'll make it 105? Do I hear 105 for  
a pulse that has been running steadily for forty-  
seven years and never once stopped! Will you  
bid 105? Who'll make it 105?"

But no one made it 105. And a minute later  
the auctioneer was going—going—gone!—*Chi-  
cago Daily Socialist*.

### A Strange Coin

NEPHEW (just returned from abroad): This  
franc piece, aunt, I got in Paris.

AUNT HEPSY: I wish, nephew, you'd fetched  
home one of them latin quarters they talk so  
much about.—*Courier-Journal*.

SMITH (at the club): Yes, by Jove, there's  
very little you can teach me. I've been every-  
where, done everything, seen everything!

THE SCOTCH MEMBER: Young man, did ye ever  
have D.Ts.?

SMITH: D.Ts.! Great Scott, no!

THE SCOTCH MEMBER: Then ye've seen nowt.  
—Sketch.

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*'Ware imitators!*  
the  
The Success of  
**MAKAROFF  
RUSSIAN  
CIGARETS**  
has brought out a host of imitations. If you ever  
tried one of them you probably haven't much use  
for a Russian cigaret. A lot of people have asked  
for Makaroffs and gotten something else—not always the dealer's  
fault, because we haven't been able to supply everybody until  
now. Now there's no excuse for the dealer. He has them  
or can get them instanter from his local jobber.  
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and treat yourself to a clean, pure smoke of real tobacco and nothing else.  
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# SPOOK'S NUMBER

## NEXT WEEK



"It sounds good to me."

When You See It  
You'll be Afraid to go Home in the Dark

The Shivering Shades  
In the Everglades  
Who have left this world of  
strife,  
And humorous hosts  
Of gibbering ghosts  
Are coming—in next week's  
LIFE!



### OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

We hate to mention it again,  
but—are you a regular sub-  
scriber? Only cost you a five.  
What is Life without LIFE?  
You get a premium picture  
with your subscription, be-  
sides all the prestige. Better  
obey that impulse.

### SOON:

- Nov. 4**—Thanksgiving Number.
- Nov. 11**—A Regular (unless something turns up).
- Nov. 18**—Musical (we are tuning up for it now).
- Nov. 25**—A Regular (maybe).
- Dec. 2**—Christmas (a wonder).
- Dec. 9**—Book.

*Apropos of this:*

#### REQUIESCAT IN PACE

Two phrases that we have decided to bury. They are:

"You cannot afford to miss it,"  
and "It will pay you to see it."

They died a natural and inevitable death in this page in the recent past. They lived long and useful lives, but toward the end they were worked to death. We shall miss them in the future, as they were tried and trusted companions; but their loss will be the reader's gain.

—Recent announcement in  
"Life's" Ad page.

*A friend sends us this*

#### INGRATITUDE THY NAME IS LIFE

Oh, true and tried are the good old words  
You are turning adrift to-day!  
"YOU can not afford to miss 'em",  
YOU'll see that it will not pay  
To cast aside a servant.  
A hoary headed friend.  
With an offer of decent burial.  
And a Latin phrase—at the end.

O LIFE, you're for the living;  
The ever young and new.  
Yet, stay your hand—unworthy  
Is the thing that you would do.  
Go, make 'em phrases emeritus—  
If Latin can help the case—  
And put them on the half pay list—  
A pension—to save your face!

—Jean Wright.



## THEY WILL SOON BE OUT OF PRINT

If you want the Beautiful OFFICIAL PROGRAM and H.S. TORICAL SOUVENIRS of The Hudson-Fulton Celebration, send to your friends or to keep as a memento of a wonderful event in the history of our country, write at once, enclosing P. O. Money Order or stamps.

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### Breaking Away from "Literature"

The vagueness inseparable from true poetry—the elusive, musical quality that lifts it above the verse which is only a kind of rhymed prose—is the charm which Mr. Richard Le Gallienne finds in Yone Noguchi's recent collection of poems in turtle-dove English, entitled "The Pilgrimage." Poems, do we say? Rather "rainbow hints and perfumed whispers," remarks the author of "The Golden Girl"—from which it may be seen that a poet has come to appreciate a poet. We ourselves are painfully conscious of a vocabulary all too bald to characterize Mr. Noguchi's art. Like as not, after reading the opening lines of the "Meditation on a Chinese Teacup":

"Fill me a cup with the tea ancient-browed,  
Cathay in heart,  
(What a forlorn look of the empty cup!)  
And let me dream the Confucius land of  
dragon and dream."

like as not, we should blunderingly say that here was the reincarnation of Keats trying to write like Walt Whitman.

In the "incense picture" of Kyoto, "the city of scent and prayer," Mr. Noguchi—if one overlooks the rhythm—is surely worthy to be called the Le Gallienne of Yokohama:

"The girls, half whisper and half love,  
As old as a straying moonbeam,  
Flutter on the streets gods built,  
Lightly carrying Spring and passion.

"Stop a while with me," I said.  
They turned their powdered necks. How delicious!  
'No, thank you, some other time!' they replied.

Oh, such a smile like the breath of a rose!"

"How delicious!" echoes Mr. Le Gallienne. "How thrillingly evanescent, and quite unforgettable!—like the 'powdered necks.'"

These things are matters of taste, but we have no doubt that any one who finds a powdered neck delicious will be quite unable to forget it, too. Memory, moreover, varies with the individual man. The late T. B. Aldrich confessed that his mind let go a thousand things of some importance, yet treasured such trifles as the behavior of the wind in May. As for us, we forget much that is in Homer, yet recall a quite unforgettable line by Mr. Noguchi:

*Her feet were whitewashed with kisses.*

Similarly, our mind lets go whole pages of Shakespeare, yet retains that evanescent lyric by Mr. Le Gallienne:

*Youth trudges along  
With an armful of girl and a heart full of  
song.*

\* \* \*

But a capacity for emitting "perfumed whispers" is not the least of Mr. Noguchi's



King Gillette



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achievement. We are ready to agree with Mr. Le Gallienne that his art is the most uncompromising example of "that modern literary ideal which seeks its perfection in escape, if possible, from 'literature' altogether."

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W. T. L.



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"NO, I GUESS NOT; I ONLY FELL FROM THE SECOND STORY."

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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



"TROUBLES never come singly,"  
Observed some ancient guy.  
Well, we don't know; we've seen a man  
With only one black eye.  
—Boston Transcript.

### Placing It Right

After waiting for several weeks without hearing from her story, the amateur author wrote the magazine editor, requesting an early decision, saying that she had "other irons in the fire."

Promptly came the editor's response:

Dear Madam: I have read your story, and, after giving it careful consideration, I should advise you to put it with the other irons.—*Success Magazine.*

### The Wrong Ticket

CONDUCTOR (on railroad train): This isn't the right ticket, sir.

ABSENTEEMINDED PASSENGER: What's the matter with it?

CONDUCTOR: This ticket calls for a diamond ring!—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

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## MAN-A-CEA WATER

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Send for Booklet.

MAN-A-CEA WATER CO., 13 Stone St., New York.

### An Exceptional Gentleman

"I concede to you," said a man in a discussion on American politeness, "that the Southern man is a gentleman, but that is all."

"But I know the Western man is," replied his friend. "Take President Taft; he is from the West, and I say he is an exceptional gentleman."

"Exceptional!" snorted the man. "How can he be an exceptional gentleman?"

"Well," suavely replied the friend, "I saw President Taft recently get up and give his seat to three ladies!"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

### Grand Combination

Roosevelt was returning from Africa.

"Let's give him three cheers and a tiger," suggested one of the reception committee. But the others thought it too tame, and as the mighty hunter stepped down the gangplank he was greeted with something like this:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Wart-hog! Warthog, Rah! Rah! Rah! Hippo! Rhino! Hartbeest; Giraffe; Crocodile! Rah! Rah! Rah!"—*The Wasp.*

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR: the English-like Inn of Asheville.



Mr. Newlywed Bug: HANG IT! MARY, WE'LL HAVE TO QUIT HOLDING HANDS. EVERY ONE SEEMS TO KNOW WE'RE JUST MARRIED.



TRY A

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### A Reflected Diet

Everybody's dieting some ailment to be quieting, and hunger goes a-rioting where plenty once made gay;

Ban's on food and fishes, and we have no need for dishes, and the stomach of me wishes it could find the means to stay

The clamor of its cravings, for its food is mostly shaving, and it hears naught but the ravings of the daily diet list;

Nothing much for dinner, with a luncheon somewhat thinner, and I think as I'm a sinner I shall melt away in mist.

Mother's eating little in the way of food or victual and abates no jot or tittle of her diet, she's so stout;

Father's stomach presses on his liver and distresses him extremely, and he blesses fasts and cuts the foodstuffs out;

Breakfast, ah, 'tis cruel, just a dish of mush or gruel, not a stick of worthy fuel for this furnace pit of mine;

Lunch is somewhat lighter, and I pull my belt up tighter, and my hopes grow slight and slighter as the hour comes to dine.

All the kitchen's quiet since the rage began for diet, and the vision of a pie, it would quite turn my head, I swear;

Steak is quite forbidden, all the roasting-pans are hidden, and the cook is crossly chidden if she swells our bill-of-fare.

How my pulse would quicken could I look upon a chicken and see rich cream gravey thicken in the long lost frying-pan!

But the Code Starvation says the bodily elation from fried chicken spells damnation to the health of modern man.

Auntie is rheumatic, and with language quite emphatic says her feelings grow ecstatic on her diet of dry toast;

Uncle who is gouty says he has no bit of doubt he will be cured by cutting out the steak and stew and broil and roast;

Rule One-Twenty-Seven of the skim-milk route to Heaven says no breadstuffs made with leaven may be eaten, so, pray tell

What's the consolation for a healthy youth, whose ration is a share of gaunt starvation just to make some others well?

Mother's getting thinner on no breakfast, lunch or dinner—and her diet is a winner for the stoutness she complains;

Father's girth's reducing since he is no longer using food and drink, and he is losing all his once-so-fearful pains.

Auntie's getting better, keeps her diet to the letter, and dear uncle he is debtor to the scheme of toast and tea.

Diet works its wonders when assimilation blunders and its praise the family thunders—but it's simply killing me!

—J. W. Foley in *Saturday Evening Post*.



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8 Pure Books on Avoided Subjects

What a Young Boy Ought to Know

What a Young Man Ought to Know

What a Young Husband Ought to Know

What a Man of 45 Ought to Know

What a Young Girl Ought to Know

What a Young Woman Ought to Know

What a Young Wife Ought to Know

What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know

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Table of contents free

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THE BEST PART OF THE SHAVE IS  
WHEN YOU COME TO

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### Requisite Knowledge

As a South Jersey country physician was driving through a village he saw a man amusing a crowd with the antics of his trick dog. The doctor pulled up and said: "My dear man, how do you manage to train your dog that way? I can't teach mine a single trick." The man looked up, with a simple rustic look, and replied: "Well, you see, it's this way: you have to know more'n the dog, or you can't learn him nothin'."

—*Christian Endeavor World*.

MARY JANE (to the gentleman with the bow legs, who has called to see her master): For 'eving's sake, sir, do stand back from the fire; ver legs is warping most 'orrible.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

"PA, what is a libretto?"

"A libretto, Aurelius, is a home for old jokes."

—*Detroit Saturday Night*.

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Then up spake our good Mayor McClellan,  
"I've a record I won't go t'bellon,  
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#### Vicarious

THE first grade teacher had been able to spank Tommy with the greatest enthusiasm, but his next teacher had not reached the point where she felt she could do justice to him in spite of all his naughtiness.

"Send him to me when you want him spanked," said the first grade teacher one morning, after her colleague had related his many misdemeanors.

About eleven o'clock Tommy appeared at the first grade teacher's door. She dropped her work, seized him by the arm, dragged him to the dressing room, turned him over her knee and did her duty.

When she had finished she said, "Well, Tommy, what have you to say?"

"Please, miss, my teacher wants the scissors."  
—Everybody's.

#### His Charity

He was poor, but otherwise honest, and he had just proposed to the heiress.

"Are you sure," she queried after the manner of her kind, "that you do not want to marry me for my money?"

"Of course I don't," he replied. "I am anxious to marry you because I haven't the heart to let you become an old maid merely because you happen to have a paltry half-million."—*The Wasp*.

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#### The Proper Authority

There was consternation among the young folks of the parish. The "music" for the dancing at the picnic in the glen had gotten into trouble. No one ever considered any other "music" but Joey the Fiddler. He was indispensable, but he was also erratic. In the old country Joey had been a school teacher and a man of considerable learning, but here he had fallen into evil ways. He was overfond of two things—a bottle and an argument. Having become engaged in the latter on this day of the picnic, he broke the former over the head of his opponent and was hauled away to the lockup. The young people called a hasty meeting and appointed a committee to wait upon Squire Nugent to secure the release of the "music" if possible. The squire was hearing Joey's case when the committee arrived. The spokesman respectfully explained the absolute necessity of Joey's presence at the picnic that day.

"That's a good soul, squire; I've me go," put in Joey.

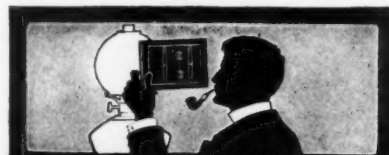
The squire took down a ponderous law book and began, thoughtfully, to turn the pages.

"If you're lookin' for the legal authority coverin' my case, squire, ye'll find it in Byron," the prisoner suggested.

"Can you quote it?" asked the magistrate, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Aye! so I can," Joey promptly retorted. "It reads: 'On with the dance; let Joey be unconfin-'"

The squire adjudged Byron a competent authority, and Joey was unconfined.—*The Catholic Standard and Times*.



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poorer negatives  
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#### The Best Proof

Little Ted, seven years old, was sent to the bathroom for a "good scrub" before dinner, but returned so quickly that his mother declared he couldn't possibly have washed himself. He replied, "Truly I did, mother; and if you don't believe it, you can just go to the bathroom and look at the towel."—*Judge*.

"Dad, what sort of a bureau is a matrimonial bureau?"

"Oh, any bureau that has five drawers full of women's fixings and one man's tie in it."—*Houston Post*.

## Club Cocktails

### A Bottled Delight

When you mix a cocktail, you take chances. When you use **CLUB COCKTAILS** you don't even have to mix. Just pour over cracked ice and you'll have the most delicious and satisfying drink you ever tasted.



They can't help being better than the mixed at random kind.

Martini (gin base) Man-  
hattan (whis-  
key base)  
are always  
popular.

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#### Not In It

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, apropos of woman suffrage, said:

"Men of that sort—men of that stupid sort—treat us women like little children or pet animals. They take no account of us whatever. They are like old Calhoun White, of Ripon.

Old Calhoun walked down the main street one morning in his best black broadcloth suit, with a white rose in his buttonhole and cotton gloves on his large hands.

"Why, Calhoun," said the barber, "are you taking a holiday?"

"Dish yere," said the old man in a stately voice, "dish yere am mah goldin' wedding, sah. Ah'm sallybratin' hit."

"But your wife," said the barber, "is working as usual. I saw her at the tub as I came out. Why isn't she celebrating, too?"

"Her?" said Calhoun angrily. "She hain't got nuffin' to do with it. She's mah fouth."—*Tribune*.

#### Summer Engagements

HE: When shall we get married?

SHE: Oh, John! why do you take our engagement so seriously?—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

**P.B. ALE**

"Oh Be Jolly"

The product of the best malt and hops perfectly blended and naturally aged. Promotes digestion, aids in the assimilation of food. The best ale and best health beverage on the market.

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Pasadena, California, opening December 1st.



## Mr. Winter and the Tribune.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—When Mr. Lamprey—in his letter in  
LIFE of September 23—attempts to justify the  
action of the *Tribune* in the practical dismissal  
of William Winter, on the ground that "W. W."  
has long been but little more than a "common  
scold," he either ignores or is ignorant of the  
fact that Mr. Winter has never in his life at-  
tacked a play from the moral point of view  
which was not in dialogue, or situation, or pres-  
entation, deserving of such treatment. Why such  
attacks have been numerous in recent years let  
those managers whose single criterion is the box-  
office explain.

As to the unhealthy play, "The Easiest Way,"  
there is no more need that the single lesson pos-  
sible to be drawn from it should be enforced on  
the stage than there is need for a scientific dem-  
onstration of the fact that the effluvia of the  
*mephitis mephitica* is offensive to the human  
nostrils.

I am in agreement with Mr. Partington in his  
note in the same issue of LIFE.

The *Tribune's* single surviving claim to the  
patronage of lovers of literature and of those  
who stand for a dignified and decent drama,  
alike in text and treatment, was surrendered  
when that newspaper made it impossible for Mr.  
Winter to retain his self-respect and his editorial  
position.  
J. D. M.

THE UNION LEAGUE OF PHILADELPHIA,

September 27, 1909.

## A Much-Needed Reform.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—A gentleman from South America now  
visiting our metropolis has accidentally hit upon  
an idea that deserves the earnest consideration  
of some person of influence. Naturally I am  
submitting the idea to you. This visitor reached  
our shores simultaneously with Comptroller Metz,  
and he noted with interest the welcoming throng  
that greeted the return of that impressive official.  
A few days later he saw the arrival of Dr. Cook  
and the greeting by a boatload of neighbors down  
the bay. Later came the various dignitaries of-  
ficially assigned to the Hudson-Fulton celebra-  
tion, and each found a more or less vociferous  
welcoming throng awaiting him.

(Continued on page 565)



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Puritan Pub. Co., 711 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

## From Our Readers

(Continued from page 563)

"How is it," inquires the South American visitor, "that in a city where every one seems to be rushed with business there are, nevertheless, always well-dressed people ready at a moment's notice to make up a welcoming throng to greet each distinguished arrival?"

Now, to tell the truth, my visitor has gotten a wrong impression, though my civic pride prevented my telling him so. We are so very busy here that there are not always enough people of the right sort available for public wharf-end and railroad-station greetings. In explorer Cook's case the boat that met him was only half filled;

(Concluded on page 566)

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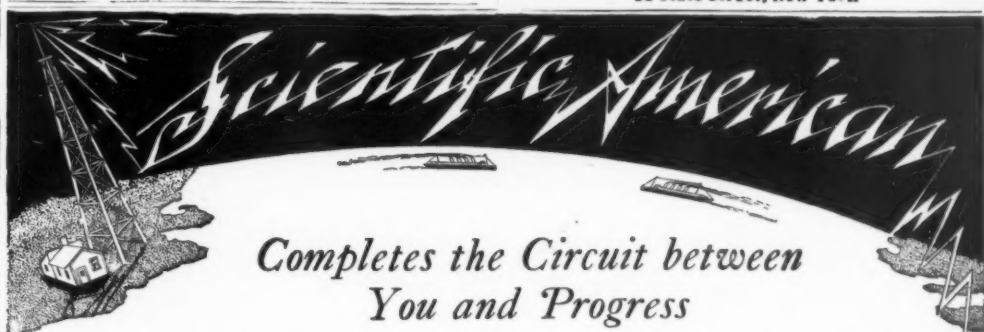
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354 BROADWAY NEW YORK, N. Y.

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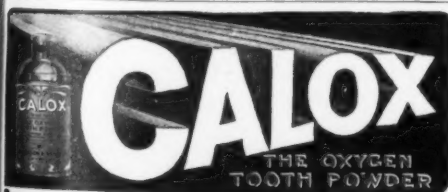
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Most refreshing to the mouth. Whitens the teeth and prevents decay. Mixed with water, it produces peroxide of hydrogen.

Dentists advise its use. Physicians prescribe it. Druggists sell it—25c. per bottle.

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## IN THE MORNING ON ARISING TAKE ½ GLASS OF **Hunyadi János** THE BEST NATURAL LAXATIVE WATER

A beautiful woman must have a clear complexion. Perfect digestion and active liver are essential. The greatest aid is HUNYADI JANOS, the Natural Aperient Water. Gentle pleasant and effective. Tones up the whole system. Try it.

### A Real Specialist.

THERE is a story told of a Welsh doctor who went to settle in a Kentish village, and the first night of his arrival he was sent for to attend a child. He looked at the little sufferer very attentively, and then delivered this opinion:

"This baby's got the measles; but I ain't posted up on infectious diseases. We must approach this case by circular treatment. You give the little child this draft. That'll send him into fits. Then send for me; I'm a stunner on fits."—*Tit-Bits*.

GYER: Poor Blinkers! He has passed into oblivion.

MEYER: When did he die?

GYER: Oh, he isn't dead. He married a famous woman last week.—*Chicago Daily News*.

### From Our Readers

(Concluded from page 565)

Peary detained in New York at an empty railroad station; the foreign delegates to the Hudson-Fulton celebration were not greeted on arrival to a degree commensurate with their rank. What we need in this city, where distinguished guests are constantly arriving, is a Welcoming Throng that can be depended upon to do its duty. It should be a volunteer organization, but of official character, somewhat similar to the militia, or to a rural volunteer fire department. It should be subject to sudden call for duty in any part of town. For time spent in actual service it should receive generous pay from the city. It should be trained to cheer effectively and spontaneously; lessons in the tossing up of hats and canes and catching them again should be provided each member. The central headquarters of the organization should be connected by wire with every wharf and railroad station, and at headquarters should be a supply of large artificial bouquets, daisy chains, etc., for use in sudden emergency; also a few nicely engrossed addresses of welcome, with blank spaces for the name and other data.

The details of such an institution, further than what is here suggested, may be left to a committee appointed by you. Surely you see the desirability of such an organization and will do your best to further it. Its existence will enable the average public-spirited citizen, when he reads in his paper that the city will soon be visited by Ivan Kaskowski, the consul from Tartary, or Annie E. Peck, mountain climber, to lean back in his chair with the comforting assurance that the Welcoming Throng will do its duty. True hospitality, civic or individual, begins at the gate.

Yours patriotically,

BURGESS JOHNSON.

PORT WASHINGTON, L. I.

### Coming!

DEAR LIFE:

For the past six months I have lived in Boston, having removed here from New York. Not having had occasion to leave the city, I have had one continuous stretch of New England narrow-headedness, purity and near-culture. Please vary my monotony by hurrying along your "Improper Number." I am hungry for it; my soul is starved for something unconventional, and your travels away from the conventional are so safe while risky. You are at times upliftingly degraded.

STEADY READER.

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 28, 1909.

**THE "KLEAN" PIPE** gives you a full, clean smoke—last puff cool and fragrant as the first—no wet, poisonous nicotine can soak into the tobacco to bite your tongue or disgust your taste.

**50 cts. Postpaid**

Push up bottom with finger to clean off ashes and keep fire at top exposed to the air. Bottom and stem can be removed and entire pipe thoroughly cleaned. Dealers can't supply you—send to me. Price, postpaid, 50c each (two for \$1)—stamps will do—satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue mailed free.

(Patented.) R. D. GATES, 309 N. East Ave., OAK PARK, ILL.

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A BOY'S BEST FRIEND  
Photogravure 20 x 15 in. \$1.00

## 160 Pictures for 25 Cents

Copyright 1906 by Life Pub. Co.



### FIRE!

No, they're not insane; only engaged  
Photogravure, 20 x 15 in. \$1.00

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CULTIVATING THE WAIST PLACES  
Photogravure, 16 x 13½ in. 50 cents

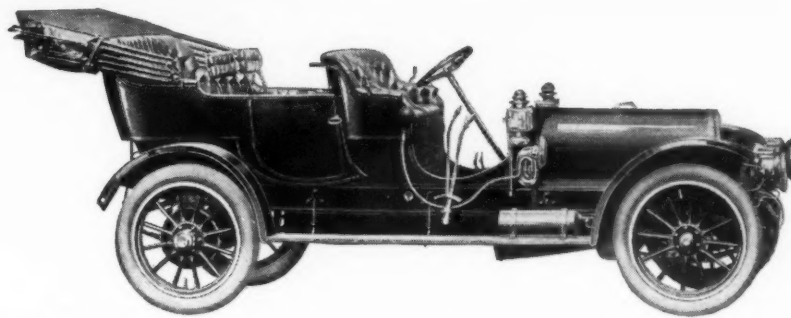
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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

17 West 31st Street, NEW YORK





**Franklin 1910 automobiles will average 2500 miles without tire puncture. It is not necessary to carry extra tires.**

Do you realize that only one per cent of the roads in this country is macadam; that the rest are ordinary dirt roads?

Do you want an automobile that is comfortable only on macadam roads or on all roads?

Franklins with their four full-elliptic springs and laminated-wood chassis frame are always comfortable. And because of their light weight and easy riding they make better time than automobiles of even greater horsepower.

Franklins are easy on tires. Besides, we use extra large tires—larger than are used on water-cooled automobiles of much greater weight. On Model H the rear tires are 37 x 5 inches, front 36 x 4 1-2 inches; on Model D, rear 36 x 4 1-2 inches, front 36 x 4 inches; on Model G, rear 32 x 4 inches, front 32 x 3 1-2 inches.

The tires are so large in proportion to the weight of the automobile that the usual tire troubles are avoided. It is almost impossible to get stone bruises as the tires cannot be driven against the rims. With ordinary use they will give 8,000 to 10,000 miles' service. Large tires on light-weight automobiles are the practical solution of the tire question.

Franklins are quiet running and powerful. The 1910 models are unsurpassed for elegance of design and perfection of detail.

The simplicity and efficiency of our cooling system are shown in the x-ray picture of the engine. The darts indicate the course of the cooling air, which enters the

front of the hood, then down the air jackets around the cylinders and out through the suction fan fly-wheel.

Each cylinder is individually cooled. Air passing one cylinder does not pass any other cylinder. Therefore each cylinder receives fresh cool air. All cylinders are equally cooled and cooled equally around their entire circumference, cooling air reaching every part of every cylinder in equal quantity.

The engine illustration shows the character of the suction fan fly-wheel. This fan is a recent development and is far more efficient than any previous type. The fly-wheel is the only moving part in the cooling system and since a fly-wheel is necessary on any gas engine it is evident that our cooling system is the limit

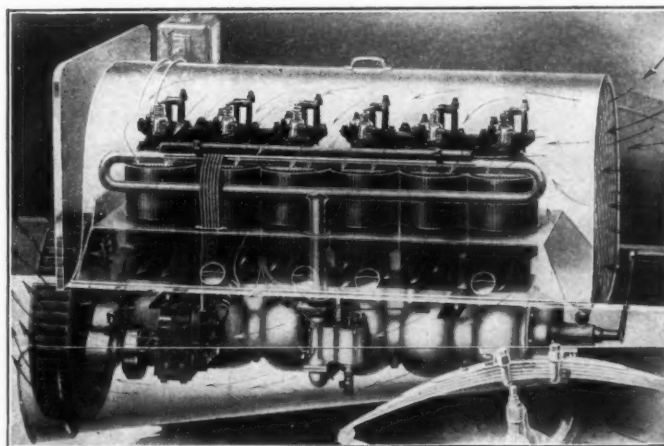
of simplicity. It is also superior in every way to any water-cooling system.

Illustration of the engine also shows our new suction yoke. It is the first perfect six-cylinder suction yoke to be made and it is one of the reasons why our six-cylinder engine runs so much better than others of that type. The inertia effects of the liquid gasoline are eliminated, giving perfect distribution of gas.

Hundreds of 1910 Franklins are in use. Deliveries, which began

in June, are on a fixed schedule.

Franklin automobiles are built in three chassis sizes, four- and six-cylinder, with sixteen different body styles embracing touring, two-, three- and four-passenger runabouts, close-coupled-bodies, limousines, landaulet, town-car and taxicab.



### PRICES 1910 MODELS

#### Model H. Six-cylinder, 42 horse-power

Seven-passenger touring-car	\$3750
Close-coupled-body car	3750
Double-rumble-seat runabout	3600
Limousine	5000

#### Model D. Four-cylinder, 28 horse-power

Five-passenger touring-car	\$2800
Close-coupled-body car	2800
Double-rumble-seat runabout	2700
Limousine	4000
Landaulet	4000

#### Model G. Four-cylinder, 18 horse-power

Four-passenger touring car	\$1850
Double-rumble-seat runabout	1800
Single-rumble-seat runabout	1800
Runabout with hamper	1750

#### Model K. Four-cylinder, 18 horse-power

Limousine	\$3850
Town-car	3200
Taxicab	2850

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